

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME IV.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER 171.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
JOHN W. BARNES & CO.

Office over Henry Griffin's Drug Store, opposite the Washington House.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, — \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, — 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be charged for every three months that payment is delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

Terms of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less), first insertion fifty cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00 1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00 1 column 1 " 30.00
1 " 6 " 3.00 1-2 " 1 " 20.00

Business Cards, \$3.00 per annum.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or verbal directions, will be published until ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the publishers—post paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1854

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Probate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crockerly, Ottawa Co., Mich.

GILBERT G. DUFFEE, Under Sheriff and acting Sheriff of Ottawa County, Mich., office opposite the Washington House, up stairs, Grand Haven, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa Co. Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Washington House.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co., and Justice of the Peace. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Office over H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the Washington House.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, Prosecuting Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner for Ottawa Co. Office third door below the Washington House, up stairs.

FERRY & WALLACE, Dealers in Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries. Water st., Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. Preusser, A. Preusser, M. H. Allardt, WM. PREUSSER & CO., Clock and Watch Makers, Jewelers, and dealers in Musical Instruments. Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches. Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

FOSTER & PARRY, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Soft-Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. J. COLLINS, Physician and Surgeon, Mill Point, Ottawa Co., Mich. Rooms at L. M. S. Smith's Drug Store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels' Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon. Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop—Washington street.

FERRY & SONS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Central Dock, Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Staves, Wood and Timber. Grand Haven, Feb. 23, 1854.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on Washington street, second door west of H. Griffin's store.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Crockerly, Hardware, Books, Stationery, &c. At the Post office, corner of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants; general dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockerly, Boots and Shoes, &c. Muskegon, Mich.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By Henry Pennoyer. The proprietor has the past spring newly fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and feels confident visitors will find the House to compare favorably with the best in the State.

HORACE MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promptly attended to. Shop one door below the Washington House.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Commission Merchant and General Agent, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c., &c., at his old stand opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public for Ottawa County, has resumed his former Land Agency business, and will attend promptly to the payment of non-resident taxes; will negotiate for the purchase or sale of both pine and farming lands. Deeds, Bonds or mortgages, &c., executed at reasonable rates and with dispatch. Office opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

CROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co. Mich.

R. M. MITCHELL & CO., Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Fire Proof Brick Warehouse, Nos. 192 and 194 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. Goods received and forwarded to Grand Haven with dispatch, and at the lowest figure. Cash advances made on consignments.

A. B. BIDWELL & SON, Confectionery and Bakery, Grand Rapids, Mich. C. B. Albee agent for Grand Haven and vicinity.

SOLOMON'S famous Spectacles always on hand at WM. PREUSSER & CO'S.

For the Grand River Times.
A LEGEND OF THE OLD-NEW-YEAR.
BY L. J. DATES.

On a midnight drear of the dying year,
A sound came o'er the bay;
For the gale upsprung, and the surges rang
A requiem as wild as they;
They moaned and grew white, on that wild mid-
night,
For the year whose locks were gray!

Through the stormy sky the clouds swept by,
And from their edges fell
A shroud of snow to the earth below—
So ghostly legends tell—
And through the dark, by those who would hark,
Was heard a tolling bell!

At the darkest hour, high over the power
Of gale so bleak and drear,
There came a shout from the storm without,
That chilled men's hearts with fear;
For, at twelve o'clock, it broke, with a shock,
Upon the watcher's ear!

'Twas a human cry, of such agony,
An hundred souls had died,
And never have spake like the shriek that broke
Across the icy tide—
That the heart stood still, with a sudden chill,
It rang so wild and wide!

And, never before, on sea or shore,
Had such a shriek been born;
And never a bell been heard to knell
With music so forlorn;
And never a cloud wove a snowy shroud
Like that they saw at morn!

Its hue was blood-red, where the sunlight shed
Its glory on the shore;
And whiter than white, in the dim twilight
Behind the sand-hills hoar;
And the color of gold where the heights uphold
Their heads for evermore!

For the storm had fled, and the sunshine shed
A glory warm and clear;
And on every face was a gleesome grace,
And look of joyous cheer:
But a lady lay on the beach that day,
With never a kind "New-Year!"

Her eyes of blue, they were frozen through—
The lids were wide apart;
And the rosy lips, where he who sips,
Drew wine up from the heart,
Were icy and chill; and the pulse was still,
That never more might start!

Ah, me! and her hair, so glossy and rare,
That flowed upon her breast,
Was colder than snow, it was frozen so—
An adamant vest;
And even the thin, light robe she was in
Was marble, as the rest!

And strewn on shore, were fifty more;
But never a one they spoke,
Though the lady was fair, and her bosom bare,
And the sea o'er her small feet broke;
Nor heeded, nor stirred, nor whispered a word,
Nor offered her even a cloak!

And, legends still say, that over the bay,
On every year's last night,
You may hear the knell of a phantom bell,
And shriek of wild affright;
And, all the next day, will the wrecker pray,
Who light the signal light!

He will pray and moan till his dying groan,
And call upon his child;
But his "New-Year" must be by the wintry sea,
And breakers tossing wild;
And at every roll, they will wrench the soul
That blood hath so defiled!

Mill Point, Mich., Dec. 4, 1854.

WE ARE LIVING TOO FAST!

Beyond all doubt, this is an age of ostentation and show. We are superficial and extravagant. Gloss and glitter, emptiness and falsity, rules society and business. So "fast" is this generation that it has no time for solidity. It runs up like Jonah's gourd,—Heaven save it from a similar fate! Honesty, integrity, economy and justice are decidedly "old fogys," and very coldly recognized. Shrewdness, trickery, plausibility, and parade are certainly in the ascendency. This is a very lamentable state of affairs, still more so because it has become dominant in the business of our land. Time was, when from the style of a man's business, and his manner of living, an estimate could be made of his worldly condition; but with our progressive spirit we have cast aside that criterion. The clerk now equals or excels his employer in life's comforts and luxuries. The man with an income of one thousand dollars lives more ostentatiously than he whose quarterly rents treble that sum. A glance tells us what a man seems, not what he actually is.

But it was to the young people of both sexes that we proposed addressing this article. They need substantial merit and sound character in place of their present foppishness and forwardness. Our promising "Young Americans" are imbued with the most extravagant and falacious ideas. The economy, simple habits, and industry of our early business men are not imitated by the rising generation soon to control public and private affairs. In this, and in every other community, the safest and most substantial men are those who have earned their fortunes by steady labor and preserved them by their habits of prudence and industry, combined with strict integrity. As a general thing, all other wealth has an unstable foundation.—The present spirit of speculation goes hand in hand with reckless extravagance; and a desire to make an empty show, to imitate or exceed somebody else in dress or equipage, the disposition to counterfeit real ability, meets our gaze on every hand.

But a few years since, five hundred per annum for a gentleman of twenty years or thereabouts, was considered a very fair salary, and thousands of men have started business with a capital saved from a few years of labor at that price; but now, one thousand per annum for the same services is looked upon in a very slighting

manner. True, the price of everything has been increased, but not to a rate that many people protest.

The young gent who avers that he can't live on six hundred per year, will be found boarding at a fashionable hotel, driving fast horses, dressing "within an inch of his life," smoking cigars at \$40 per thousand, and perhaps indulging in champagne suppers, or an undue amount of "ten cent drinks." Besides these, many other petty and useless expenditures combine to use up his income. Why, it would require a constant succession of California discoveries to enable one to keep up with the extravagances and hollow vanities of society, and the whims of that worthless old jade, "Fashion."

How often have we been told that a person's worth lies not in his glossy coat, his fantastic pants, his gaudy vest, massive watch-chain, patent-leather boots or elegant cane. Neither is it an indication of prosperity to see young John Goit, clerk for Steady & Co., dashing along the "shell road," with a "2,40" nag, and treating his boon-companions to "whisky punch all round." Still, an impression is made on our poor credulity, and when John enters the opera or theatre, in the glory of white kids and a Byronic collar, silly mamma's whisper to simple daughters—"There's Mr. Goit; he must be a doing well in the world." Alas! for our simplicity!—Such "well doing" is as deceptive as a shadow, and as hollow as a tomb! Very likely John finds one thousand per annum a deuced mean salary!

Such men, when they are "set up in business," by some fortunate circumstance, carry their old habits to their counting-rooms or offices. An expensive house, habits of luxury, servants, inattention to business, idleness, careless trading—*debt, failure*—an auction follows, or is very apt to follow. We venture to say that many a break up in business could be traced directly home to extravagant youthful habits, and an undue desire to impose upon the world, to make brass pass current for gold. How many hard-working men manage to live comfortably, clothe their wives and children neat, and have much happiness and content on less than six hundred per year! Legions of them do so. Take the mechanics of this city—their average wages are less than five hundred dollars per annum, and yet they live and prosper. They do it by industry and economy, and in no other way. Very few debts are incurred, for there is no ostentation or hollow display.

Now, society encourages deception. It is a falsity itself, founded upon shallow pretences. It accepts activity for vigor, dexterity for profundity, babbling nonsense for common sense. The eye of a keen observer detects, under the pile of rubbish, very little of true worth.

Thackeray, in his "Vanity Fair," has sketched in sharp lines, society and its actors. He has given pretence and show, emptiness and deceit, a merited exposure. When, on the part of certain young gents, extravagance and display, with shallow knowledge to back it up, is introduced to our budding maidens, they send up a chorus of admiration. Admiration for what? Why, the gay clothing, superb dancing, state small-talk, and exterior gilding, of course. It is just suited to their barren intellects and inflated ideas. We mean those samples of womanhood so plenty at the present day—the fabrications of fashionable seminaries and still more fashionable milliners, who have neglected grammar for music, and mathematics for drawing and crevel work—whose ideas of life are made up of absurdities that cold experience only can dispel—whose torturings of the piano compare well with their whole education, all jargon and meaningless. Those two classes above mentioned are running a giddy race, which will end only in the severest trials and most sincere regrets.

We want more truth, more realities and less deception. The evils we have mentioned are deep seated and widely prevalent. They lurk in secret and walk openly, spreading the seeds of ruin among all our hopes, and polluting our dearest interests. Among the youth of our land a mistake and reckless spirit seems to be gaining ground with alarming strides. It is a spirit of competition, not for moral or intellectual supremacy, but for outside parade and heartless arrogance. *Realities* make up our lives—sooner or later they must overtake us, and then their gray outside stripped away, we see a miserable, ghastly skeleton, the only relic of a gaudy exterior.

Vice is growing presumptuous. It laughs at honesty. A spendthrift, living upon the toil of others, flits through society as a man of real wealth and true ability. We must pause and consider—"Where will this end, what will be its consequences?" Give us manhood in its purity, full of truth, generous impulses, honesty and intelligence, while woman, true woman, assist it with her proper influence, her tenderness, and all the kind feelings of her natural and unperverted character. [Cincinnati Times.]

Boys.—Boys are admonished by a sensible writer to beware of the following description of company, if they would avoid becoming like those who enter prisons for their crimes:

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath and scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper; and who are apt to get into difficulties with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who take pleasure in torturing animals and insects.
8. Those who loaf around grog shops, smoke, and drink whiskey.

There is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time has occurred within that period when both were out of the prison at the same time.

[From the San Francisco Herald, of Oct. 23.]
PURCHASE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The last rumor relating to the matter was that the American Government had agreed to give King Kamehameha \$300,000 per annum during his life, and the same to the heir apparent, while he exists, in consideration of their surrendering their claims to the sovereignty to the United States Government. Intrinsically the value of the Sandwich Islands amounts to but little. The whaling fleet has made them what they are, and now sustains them; and which once withdrawn, as it will be, in favor of its natural depot, San Francisco, the Islands will only be valuable for a coaling and recruiting station for our anticipated China and Japan fleet of steamers. To corroborate this opinion let us refer to facts.

All will acknowledge that the main foundations of the prosperity of the islands must be their agricultural products; yet California is shipping to them by every vessel that leaves for their ports, a considerable amount of potatoes, barley, onions, &c. The Flying Dart, which sailed but a short time since, took three hundred bags of potatoes, twenty sacks onions, and one hundred bags barley, and this is but one vessel out of at least four a month which leave here for that destination. This fact must be a heavy offset against their official account of domestic produce shipped, which in 1853 amounted to only \$281,699, notwithstanding in this amount, a supposititious calculation is made charging each whale ship's supplies in gross.

To recur back to the consideration of the amount asserted to be paid by the United States Government, for the purpose of arguing the complete absurdity of the statement we give the full amount received by his Kanaka Majesty, at the present time from the nation, for the support of his dignity. It is taken from the civil list, approved Aug. 11th, 1854:

For his Majesty's Privy Purse, . . . \$10,000
" " " Royal State, . . . 4,000
" " " Medical Attendant, 2,000
" her " the Queen, . . . 1,000
" his Royal Highness, heir apparent 3,000
" Prince Kamehameha, General of Division, and Privy Counselor, 800

Total, \$20,000
Which is the whole amount received by the king and heir apparent.

We opine it would be a satisfactory speculation for his Majesty to sell out for the snug sum of \$300,000 per annum.

The whole receipts of customs amounted in the year 1853, to \$155,540, from which is to be deducted the cost of collection, leaving the net assets at a small figure.

That these islands will eventually be incorporated into our Union is beyond a question, but not on such exorbitant and indefinite terms.—There is a possibility, if not a probability, that the heir "apparent" may live fifty years, and it is scarcely to be supposed that our Government would lay itself liable to give him twelve times the salary of the President during that period.

EXTRAORDINARY FEATS IN THE AIR.—On Tuesday afternoon Mons. Godard made an extraordinary balloon ascension from New York, the following account of which we find in the Sun:

"At half-past three o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Arlita, of Havana, Mons. Decan, Isaac H. Benedict, and one of the animals belonging to the Hippodrome, fastened in the car of the parachute, he cut the cords assunder which bound him to earth, and taking his seat on a trapezium—a wooden pole, suspended at each end from the car with ropes, twenty feet long—bounded up at a rapid rate, amid the huzzas of the multitude. When about an eighth of a mile up he cut the parachute loose from the balloon, and it descended safely to the earth, with its freight unhurt.

"Mr. Godard then commenced the performance of his gymnastic feats in the air. At one time he whirled over and over the pole of the trapezium; at another time, grasping it with a single hand, he swung his body to and fro as a school boy would on a swing. Then again, he appeared to be hanging to it with his chin only, then standing upon it—both hands hold of the ropes—then on one leg, then without any grasp of the lines, and finally, as the balloon ascended nearly out of sight, the daring voyager stooped, rolled over upon the trapezium, and in mid-heavens hung suspended from it, head downwards, with only a single foot locked over the pole.

"There perhaps could not be a greater exhibition of daring than this. Many persons who watched the feats trembled in their shoes as they saw him pass through his aerial evolutions. He, however, restored them to their natural equilibrium of composure on ascending by the ropes of the trapezium, a distance of twenty feet into the car of his ship and to the company of his passengers. He was going off in a N. N. E. direction slowly when last seen."

A COSTLY HEAD DRESS.—The following is an estimate of the Jewels in the Crown of England:—
20 diamonds round circle, each £1,500 £30,000
2 large centre diamonds, " 2,000 4,000
54 smaller do, placed at the angles of the former, each 100 5,400
4 crosses composed of 25 diamonds, 4,800
4 large diamonds on the top of crosses, 4,000
12 diamonds contained in fleur-de-lis, 10,000
18 smaller diamonds in the same 2,000
Pearls, diamonds &c., upon the arches and crosses, 10,000
150 small diamonds, 5,000
26 diamonds in the upper cross, . . . 7,600
2 circles of pearls about the rim, . . . 3,000

Cost of the stones exclusive of metals £85,800 or more than \$4,000,000.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

SMART ADVICE.

"Bimelech," said Mr. Slow, extending his arm like a pump handle, "you are now old enough to understand the words of wisdom—being eleven-and-a-half, in other words, half-past eleven—and I wish to advise you never to interfere with nobody, nor to interfere with nothing that don't belong to you. Shut yourself up, like a gold eagle in your pocket book, and don't get spent in too much concern for others. If people is inclined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they're a mind to—what business is it of yours? If neighbors quarrel, what business is it of yours? Let 'em fight it out. Why should you risk your precious head in trying to save 'em? When you trade, allers look to your side of the bargain; and leave the one you're trading with to look arter his. If he gets bit, 'taint your fault. Let 'em fight it out. What business is it of yours? Take keer of number one, is Scripser, the real golden rule, and he that acts unto it never can die poor. Never have anything to do with Sympathy. Sympathy doesn't pay. 'Taint worth one per cent. But if you must be Sympathetic because it's popular, be sure before you begin, that it aint agoin' to cost you anything, and then p'raps 't will do to invest in it. Nobody ever lost anything by not being generous, so lay by for yourself what folks expect you to give to poor people and other vagabonds, and when you are old it will not depart from you. You will have something to count on to make you happy. Pay your doctor's bills, found a hospital, and buy a gravestone full of exalted virtues. Be careful then, Bimelech, and allers look arter the main chance, and beware of Sympathy!"

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS.—The late Mr. Alexander, architect of Rochester bridge, and other fine buildings in Kent, was once under cross-examination, in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant, afterwards Barron Garrow, who wished to abstract from the weight of his testimony. After asking what was his name, the Sergeant proceeded:

"You are a builder, I believe?"
"No sir, I am not a builder, I am an architect."

"Ah! well; architect or builder, builder or architect, they are very much the same I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them totally different."

"Oh, indeed!—perhaps you will state where in this great difference consists?"

"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter, the builder is in fact the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it a going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the Court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

The reply, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder.

"There was no architect, sir—and hence the confusion."

A NOBLE ACT.—George Beach, Esq., of Hartford, Ct., has erected a fine brick building in that city, comprising twelve comfortable tenements, which he designates "House for Widows," being intended for the comfort and accommodation of women who have been deprived of means of support by loss of husbands, &c. This building has been put in the hands of Trustees, for that purpose—merely requiring of each tenant the nominal sum of \$10 a year, which is to pay repairs, insurance, and taxes. It is already filled with that class of persons, and Mr. Beach is receiving, in the blessings of the "widow and fatherless," a greater happiness than is derived from fat dividends. May he wake up some morning, and find all the iron in his establishment turned, by "the good geni," into bars of gold. Who is the next rich man to prove himself a practical Christian?

[New Haven Register.]

ENERGY.—See! how that fellow works! No obstacles are too great for him to surmount; no ocean too wide for him to leap; no mountain too high for him to scale. He will make a stir in the world and no mistake. Such are the men who build our railroads, dig up the mountains in California and enrich the world. There is nothing gained by idleness and sloth. This is a world of action and to make money, gain a reputation and exert a happy influence. Men must be active, persevering, and energetic.—They must not quail at shadows—run from lions, or attempt to dodge the lightning. Go forward zealously, in whatever you undertake, and we will risk you anywhere and under life.—Men who faint and quail, are a laughing stock to angels, devils, and true men.

Mr Seaman, the naturalist of Kellett's Arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the Arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night; it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. "If man," observed Mr. S., "should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become sluggish, his time piece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet, will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that mid-night is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north."

[American Annual of Scientific Discovery.]

THE GREAT SHAWL.—The finest needlework shawl ever seen in America, a notice of which appeared some time ago in the Tribune which cost 2,700 in Constantinople, and was imported expressly for exhibition at the World's Fair, was sold at auction yesterday, at the Crystal Palace, for one thousand and twenty-five dollars. The purchaser's name was given as James De Wolf.

[N. Y. Tribune.]